The World.

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THE I'S HAVE IT.

People who are unable to find an overshadowing issue in the Presidential campaign may properly enough attribute the fact to the personal pronoun. In the first place, there is the vociferous capital I of the White House—the I that is superior to the Constitution and the laws, that has undertaken to rule by force of denunciation and bullying and favor, and that has confused the minds of men on almost every subject, from spelling to jurisprudence.

Then there is the altogether amiable and personally acceptable capital I that has been officially designated as the Proxy of the colossal pronoun at Washington—the I that wins support in some cases because, although an I, it is so different from the I that has been on duty for so long a time.

Finally there is the popular and persistent Democratic capital I that, strangely enough, claims to be not only the true heir of the Washington pronoun, but its father also—an I that naturally enough, under these circumstances, refuses to take issue with the other I's except in the matter of precedence, and so is compelled, unhappily as we believe, to devote too much time and energy to introspection.

In the battle of the pronouns, therefore, we have the only true explanation of the apathy which all parties complain of and of the mystification which has fallen upon so many voters. It is a case in which the I's are bound to have it in any event, the big I at Washington being the chief winner, for if there ever was a capital I in America that richly deserved criticism, opposition and defeat it is that same I which the other I's are glorifying.

HORSE STEALING IN NEW YORK.

It is alleged against certain New York men now in custody that they have long made a business of stealing horses and wagons. They had a stable and a repair shop. The horses were disfigured and disguised in various ways and the wagons were repainted, after which it was comparatively easy to dispose of them. If these charges can be sustained in court it is probable that the defendants will be sent to the penitentiary.

There are extensive districts in the United States where a crime of this nature would be regarded not only as a menace to government, but as an assault upon the very foundations of human society. In those parts the man who even in haste appropriates a horse belonging to another is promptly hanged when caught. It might be possible to convince such people that horse stealing has become a regular industry—one may say an institution—in New York, but they will never be able to grasp the social conditions which permit such offenders to be dealt with by the courts on the terms that apply to murderers and other petty criminals.

BELGRADE'S "NEXT MORNING."

Seventy-two hours were enough to convince the Servians that war is not necessary to their happiness. In that period they had time to develop anger, delirium and a thirst for blood; time also for marching, threatening, yawping and carousing; and time, furthermore, for cooling off, taking account of stock and recovering from the headache.

Many a war would never have been fought if the patriots who were fiercest in their demand for it had had an opportunity to consider the proposition calmly "the morning after." It is the first collision that does the murderous work. In most cases if the hotheads can wear themselves out in barbaric orgies without shedding blood or committing other overt acts peace will resume its sway as a result of their exhaustion. The belligerents of Belgrade who went to war in their minds—and in their cups—will now be the most peaceable men in Europe until the next time.

THE POST-OFFICE AS A TEASER.

With two-cent postage established between the United States and Great Britain we would seem to be almost civilized enough to abolish the rule in force for some years that domestic letters not prepaid shall be held until the addressee can be communicated with and a stamp received from him. In the early days of the postal service postage was usually collected from the recipient of letters. Now, by way of promoting industry, postmasters must write to him and he must reply before he can hope to look upon a missive which may contain nothing more important than a campaign circular, but which he has a right to receive with as little delay, expense and trouble as possible.

NOTHING TO SAY.

Just as Mr. Chanler was concluding his short address a man in the gallery with a megaphone shouted: "How about racing?" Mr. Chanler did not reply.

This happened at Saratoga. At some other places the megaphone may roar: "How about the insurance grafters? How about the New York traction thieves? How about Wall street? How about honest taxation? How about the administration of justice? How about the enforcement of law impartially as between the rich and the poor?" Shall it be said of the Democratic candidate to the end of the campaign that "Mr. Chanler did not reply?"

Letters From the People.

Clocks for Express Stations.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Just a fool question. There "ain't goin' to be no" answer. Why don't the express stations of the subway have conspicuous timepieces as well as the way stations? L. C. POTTER.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a full list of States and Territories? G. L.

American Women.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Laura Jean Libbey wonders why English women don't come to America to get husbands. She thinks American men far superior to the much maligned Englishman. Prince Troubetskoi's statement that American women are romanceless also makes her indignant. English women don't need to come to America to get husbands, and, besides, they prefer Englishmen. Not that American men are not all they should be. In my opinion many of them are far too good for American women. Many American women are not "starving for romance." They're only starving for matinees. LILLIAN C.

In 1877.

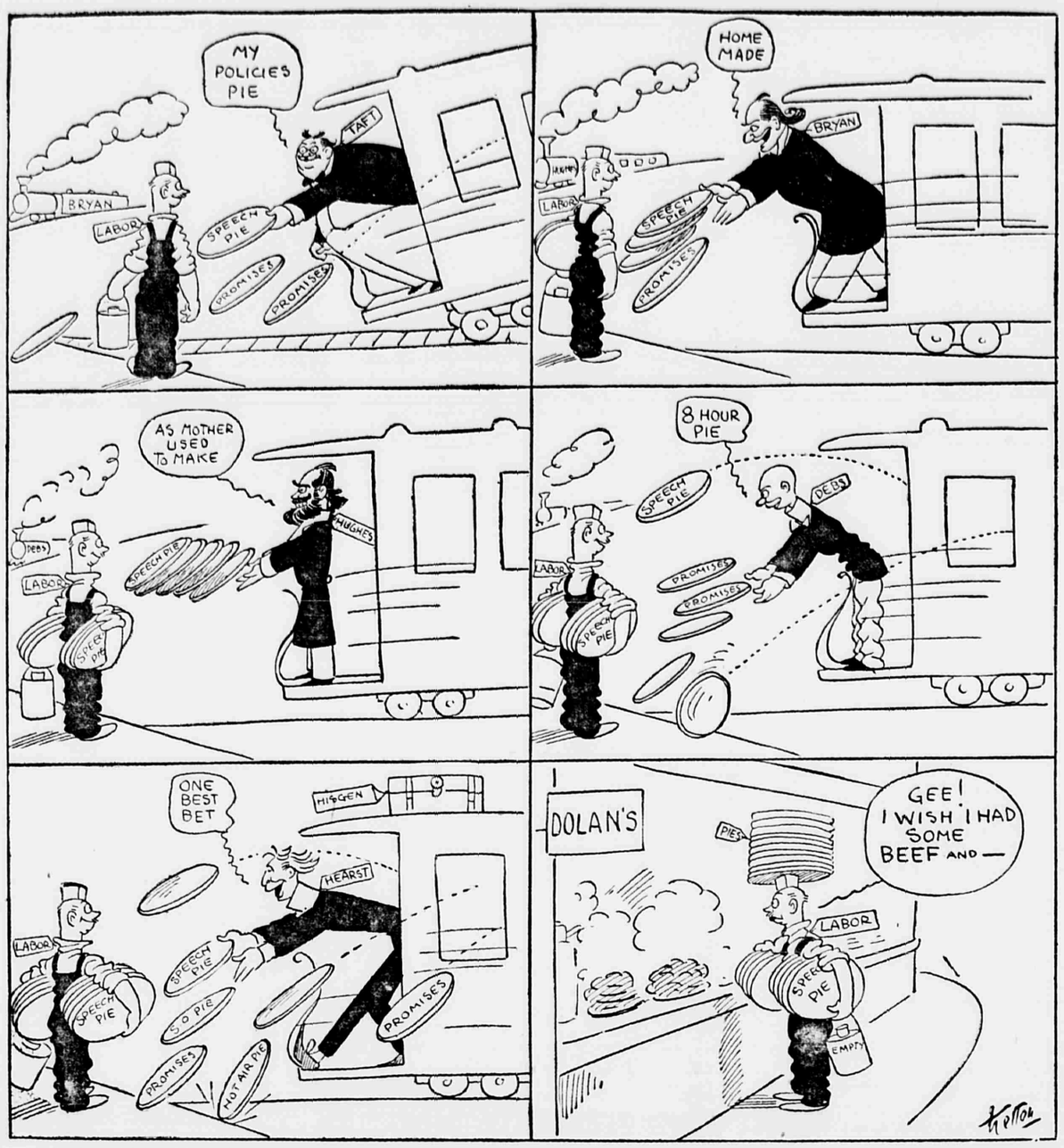
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which was the Obelisk erected in Central Park? A. E.

The Obelisk was brought to New York from Egypt and erected here in 1877. It is of granite, is 70 feet long, and weighs 200 tons.

Too Much Pie.

By Maurice Ketten.



A Quiet Little Dinner in the Home of the Jarr Family; Mr. Jarr With the Ketchup Dims the Children's Soup Stunts

By Roy L. McCardell.

"NOW this is a clean table cloth, and one of my new ones, too," said Mrs. Jarr, when the family had assembled for the evening meal. "I want you all"——

"I don't want no soup!" interrupted the little boy, pushing his plate away from him and spilling some of the contents on the table.

"Why don't you give his hands a good slapping?" asked Mr. Jarr. "He did that on purpose."

"The child only does what he sees his father do," said Mrs. Jarr, as she devoted her attention to the little boy who sat next to her. "Now, Willie," turning to the child, "if you aren't a good boy I'll make you go sit down by your father and have him take care of you at meals."

This awful threat made Mr. Jarr shudder and silenced him for a time.

"Ain't we goin' to have no dessert? I want ice tream; dimme ice tream!" cried the little girl.

"You eat your potatoes, Emma!" said Mrs. Jarr severely. "Dr. Pillsbury's children get no dessert till they have eaten all their potatoes, and look what nice rosy cheeks they have."

"I don't want no rosy cheeks!" exclaimed the little boy. "I want to have a mustache and run an automobile, so I c throw rocks at people when I go on a strike!"

"Sit up straight, Willie, and tuck your napkin in and eat your soup. I want to see you eat every bit of it. Look how your little sister has finished hers!"

"Do I have to eat all this, every bit of it?" whined the little boy, who had already spilled part of it.

"Yes, every bit of it, or you'll be sent right from the table!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply.

The little boy, now noting his mother's attention was directed elsewhere, slyly started to bale out his soup onto the tablecloth, but the eagle eye of his father was upon him.

"Look what that child is doing!" he cried.

"Why don't that girl give him his own spoon?" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr in an exasperated tone. "She knows he can't eat with those large table spoons."

"Little Emma is using the large spoon," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, and look at her hands!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Shame, a big girl like you, Emma, coming to the table with such hands!"

"Willie didn't wash his hands either," whined the little girl.

"I think somebody might help me with these children!" said Mrs. Jarr in a despairing tone. "I am left to do everything. Some men try to help at meals by doing the carving."

"If you mean me," said Mr. Jarr, who was waiting patiently for the rest of his dinner, "I have trouble enough to get the money to get the food on the table, let somebody else carve it."

"Soup, don't have to be cut up," remarked the little boy, slyly tossing a crust of bread at his sister.

"Oh, my eye, my eye! Willie hit me in de eye wif a twust of b'ead!" wailed the little girl.

"I didn't, she made a face at me!" cried the little boy promptly. Mrs. Jarr reached on both sides of her and slapped the hands of both children impartially, the boy's first.

"There, now!" she cried, "that will teach you to have some manners at the table!"

Whereat both children howled prodigiously.

"Gee whip!" cried the exasperated Mr. Jarr. "Isn't a man to have any peace at his meals?"

"Why don't you do something to correct them, then?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "You see how busy I am. I have everything to attend to, and I think it would be little enough for you to do to look after them!"

Mr. Jarr muttered something under his breath, and Mrs. Jarr signed to the servant girl to take away the soup plates.

"Oh, golly! Chicken!" cried the little boy. "I want the wishbone! Gimme the wishbone!"

"I want de wishbone; Willie always has de wishbone!" cried the little girl.

"Cry baby! Cry baby!" cried the little boy, pushing his plate toward his mother and upsetting the gravy.

Mr. Jarr got up, tearing his hair, and in arising he upset the catsup bottle.

"There!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Look at the clean tablecloth! Talk about the children!"

Whereat Mr. Jarr left in high dudgeon to read the evening paper in another room, stating that he would return to finish his supper after the animals were fed.

The Ambitions of Sonny and Sue -:- By Albert Carmichael

Don't Be a Cipher!

Try to Do as Gambetta Did, "Come Home a Somebody."

Two-Minute Talks to Busy People.

By John K. Le Baron.

"The path to fame is more difficult than that which leads to fortune."—Voltaire.

LEON GAMBETTA was born in 1838. In 1870 he was the dictator of France.

Of humble origin, handicapped by extreme poverty, and with but the most meagre smattering of an education, he fought his way to fame.

When he left home, a mere boy, his mother said to him: "TRY TO COME HOME SOMEBODY."

He tried, and he succeeded.

It is the duty of every one to try to be somebody.

NO ONE SHOULD BE CONTENT TO BE A MERE CIPHER.

It is said that "there is plenty of room at the top," but to many "the top" looks discouragingly far off.

Don't let that deter you from the attempt.

THE FIRST STEP is to get into good favor with yourself; fame has not much in store for a man who isn't on good terms with himself.

Many roads lead to the temple. Decide by which road you will make the effort and stick to it.

IT MEANS HARD WORK!

If fame could be won without an effort there would be no satisfaction in being famous.

CENTRE YOUR ENERGY. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE MAIN CHANCE.

Few men have been great in more than one thing.

Robert Burns was a failure in everything he undertook, except in writing poetry.

Grant wasn't much of a tanner, but he was a great general.

DO SOME ONE THING EXCEPTIONALLY WELL AND THE WORLD WILL FIND IT OUT. And when it does find it out you will hear from it.

MODESTY is the badge of the man of REAL WORTH; it is the clown who proclaims himself with bell and capers.

There is a wide margin between fame and notoriety. The one is enduring, the other fickle.

No name is eligible in the list of candidates for a tablet in America's "Hall of Fame" until the person who bore it has been dead ten years.

It is a small percentage of those who consider themselves famous who outlive a decade.

"I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up, than why is it," said Cato.

FAME DOES NOT DEAL WITH PERSONS, BUT WITH ACHIEVEMENTS.

The opposition to a statue to Poe, in Richmond, on the ground that the poet was a profligate is based on bigotry. The statue is to the genius, not the man.

Genius is generally erratic.

Tasso's eccentricities led to insanity; Johnson was a freak; Spinoza spurned what most men crave, because obligations implied restrictions. Baife's freakishness kept his publishers in hot water.

We must concede to men of talent the right to be eccentric.

Walpole, whose writings Macaulay classes "high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures," was a living contradiction of all he wrote.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,' says Shakespeare.

Shakespeare himself was born great. NO MORTAL POWER COULD HAVE SUPPRESSED HIS TRANSCENDANT GENIUS.

Themistocles achieved greatness. Plutarch tells us "he was imbued with the most passionate ambition for distinction."

Hawthorne had greatness thrust upon him. His excessive modesty would have barred his path to fame had not his friends urged and insisted upon making him what James T. Fields said he was, "The rarest genius America has given to literature."

Milton was precocious to an extreme. He was a poetic prodigy. His elder brother, who was a worldly success, begged John to change his name, that he might spare the family from disgrace.

Fame overlooked the apprehensive brother, but it set its SEAL OF IMMORTALITY upon John, the poet.

Fame is often posthumous, but post-mortem fame is pretty sure to be permanent. The long range of time is necessary to a proper focus.

THE TRULY FAMOUS BELONG TO NO LOCALITY, TO NO COUNTRY, TO NO AGE. Socrates used to say he was "not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world."

That should be the aspiration of every man—to do something to benefit mankind and, incidentally, himself.

AIM AT THE TOP! YOU MAY NOT HIT IT, BUT THE HIGHER THE AIM THE MORE CHANCES OF SUCCESS, and remember that fame awaits every man, not only at the top, but ALL THE WAY UP.

Let Gambetta be your inspiration; TRY TO BE SOMEBODY!

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.

VERILY, my Daughter, marvel not that a man exaggerate his own importance and that his head swelleth unto bursting.

For behold a widow, how she changes color and the thread of her conversation at the approach of a man; and a debutante how she becometh tongue-tied and tremulous at his entrance upon the scene; yea, even a married woman, how she loseth her poise and the point of her remarks at the sound of masculine footsteps.

Yet what man turneth pink and biteth his lips and droppeth his gloves and patteth his back hair and glanceth in the mirror to see that his hat is on straight—because a woman approacheth?

A woman addeth to her complexion bright colors and subtracteth therefrom defects, but a man rejoiceth in a sunburned nose even as a small boy in a sore toe.

A woman spendeth her substance in laces and fine hats withal, but a man considereth himself a thing of beauty even in his fishing clothes and a two days' beard.

Verily, a woman doubteth her own charm and seeketh to increase it; but a man knoweth that nothing, not even a shining pate and a triple chin, marreth his fatal fascination.

For a man taketh a woman as a side-dish, but unto a woman man is the whole menu of social existence, the Alpha and Omega.

Yea, he is the only thing of his kind. Selah!

Felling a Great Tree.

By Clifton Johnson.

IN the wooded shores of Puget Sound, Washington, the trees sometimes have a diameter of a dozen feet. The cedars, in particular, reach a vast girth, and in the valley by the roadside was one with a circumference at the ground of sixty-three feet, and nearby was another that had a Gothic arch cut through it affording easy passage for a man on horseback. But the tallest trees are the firs. Two hundred feet is a very moderate height, and some shoot up to above three hundred. The full of one of the monsters when the woodsmen have cut through its base is something appalling. As the tree begins to give the sawyers hustle down from their perch and seek a safe distance. Then they look upward along the giant column and listen. "She's workin' all the time," says one.

"Yes," agrees the other, "you can hear her talkin';" and he gives a loud cry of "Timber!" to warn any fellow laborers who may be in the neighborhood.

The creaking and snapping increase, and the tree swings slowly at first, but soon with tremendous rapidity, and crashes down through the forest to the earth. There is a flying of bark and broken branches, and the air is filled with slow-settling dust. The men climb on the prostrate giant and walk along the broad pathway of the trunk to see how it lies. What pigmies they seem amid the mighty trees around! The ancient and lofty forest could well look down on them and despise their short-lived insignificance; yet their persistence and ingenuity are irresistible, and the woodland is doomed.—The Outing Magazine.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES

More Important.

TWO village worthies were discussing a mooted point in grammar; as to whether a hen "sits" or "sets" when she takes to her nest.

"Seems to me it's a heap more important," interrupted a by-standing farmer, "whether she 'lays' or 'lies' when she cackles."—Harper's Weekly.

No Legislation Needed.

FOREIGN VISITOR—"Mrs. Vidders, can a woman marry her deceased husband's brother in this country?"

Mrs. Vidders—"Yes, she can if she chooses, but she seldom does. She generally knows him too well."—Chicago Tribune.